

sweat and calloused hands and aliens

by Kolbie Ru-Ru

Category: Haikyu/ハイキュー

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hajime I., Toru O.

Pairings: Hajime I./Toru O.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-14 06:15:07

Updated: 2016-04-14 06:15:07

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:18:39

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,246

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Three sensations and Hajime knows beyond a shadow of a doubt the identity of his soulmate. [tumblr prompt]

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\*\*Prompt: "You get an 'impression' of your soulmate when you turn 18 or something but all I got was a strong smell of bananas or an overwhelming feeling that Thatcher was a good prime minister or an image in my mind of a fucking unicorn" by \_nerds-are-cool\_ on tumblr

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\*\*Notes: This veered away from the prompt as usual. Somehow I went from 'impression' to 'sensation' and just ran with it. I don't know. Maybe it doesn't make sense, but I had fun with it anyway. Please enjoy. (also i still haven't seen haikyuu! yet i'm sorry i'll get to it)

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><p>The first sensation hits him like a sheet of ice water, the unmistakable scent of sweat clogging his senses as he heaves in gasping breaths, and he doubles over, pinching his nose shut as if the smell isn't some supernatural soul bond bullshit that has nothing to do with the cool air he's taking in. It's awful and familiar, reminds him irritably of locker rooms after practice and too handsy teammates, of his own cloying body odor before a much needed shower, and the small part of Hajime that's not super pissed about this and cursing up a storm is completely unsurprised.</p>

He curls into a ball on his bed, helpless to do anything but wait it out, and after a little while, the rancid odor fades away entirely. He sniffs, cautiously, and once he's sure it's gone, he allows

himself to breathe normally again, relinquishing his death grip on his nose. He'll never admit to anyone, but he kind of dreads the rest of the night.

The second sensation is touch, and it's almost worse than the jock sweat. It's a friendly arm around his shoulder, the slight sting of a high five, a lingering trail of goosebumps down his wrist. It's a hard, steady grip at the nape of his neck, a slap on the back, a caress of his thigh. It's a mess of feather light touches on his skin barely distinguishable between what could be and what has been, and he hates how much he likes the way those hands feel, wandering and comforting and curious. He burns with embarrassment when it stops as abruptly as it began, and he unconsciously leans toward the already dissipating warmth.

He stews quietly, a strange mixture of disappointed and furious, when the third and final sensation overtakes him. He hesitates to call it sight, but he sees it when he closes his eyes, an indistinct alien race, some spaceships, an endless expanse of stars and galaxies. Excitement and wonder that he doesn't feel overwhelms him, childish glee and innocent enthusiasm. An urge to explore and meet other creatures and prove that there's more to life, to this existence, than just their tiny planet and the animals that inhabit it. He's never understood wanderlust or the fascination with other lifeforms - content with his volleyball and wherever he ends up after college because Earth has never felt stifling to him, but maybe now he gets it, just a little.

And then the emotions are gone, and a heady realization fills up the space left behind.

Three sensations, a little after midnight on your eighteenth birthday. Three hints about your soulmate, a little nudge in the right direction, a helping hand to make finding each other easier. For some, Hajime was warned in the month leading up to this moment, three vague sensations aren't enough to go on. Some soul mates go their whole lives without finding each other, and it's nothing to be ashamed of. There are entire lineages devoid of the 'soulmate gene', and those people go about their lives as normal. It wouldn't be the end of the world if he didn't find his other half.

Others know right away, even with such little information. His parents, for example. His grandparents, his great grandparents. Millions of people the world over. By genes or perhaps a stroke of luck, he's one of those people. Three sensations - sweat and calloused hands and aliens - and Hajime knows beyond a shadow of a doubt the identity of his soulmate.

It's the same kid waiting up with him the next house over, probably a ball of nervous energy as he stares at his phone, waiting impatiently for Hajime to call and describe everything in intimate detail, and Hajime feels the floor drop out from under his feet even as a part of him settles at this information, soothed and warmed and utterly pleased.

Oikawa, he thinks numbly. Annoying, malicious, selfish Oikawa. Fluffy brown hair and cheesy smiles and breathtaking serves. Stupid puns and lame nicknames and way too many selfies. A shitty personality, a cocky grin, the taste of victory, the tang of tears after a loss. Captain Oikawa, best friend Oikawa, soulmate Oikawa.

He kind of hates that he doesn't hate it, hates that this makes way too much sense, hates that his heart's racing and his cheeks are heating up because of Shittykawa of all people.

Hajime doesn't bother to doubt himself, however. His first response to this new knowledge had been stark relief, no matter how well hidden by the shock and confusion. He's relieved it's Oikawa, and that's gotta mean something, supernatural forces pushing them together or not.

His parents are asleep - at his own request, wanting to experience this incredibly private awakening alone, so sneaking out is rather easy. Rousing Oikawa's attention once he's outside without his phone is a little more difficult, but he manages. Oikawa's face pops up after the fourth rock bounces off of the window, and Hajime's breath actually hitches. What the fuck.

Scowling, he gestures at the other boy to come outside, and Oikawa gives him a thumbs up before disappearing behind the curtains again. He doesn't have to wait long for the front door to open and his friend to step out.

"Iwa-chan! How was it?" Oikawa, clad in his customary alien-themed pajamas (because of course he is), asks, brimming with curiosity. "Do you know who it is?"

He didn't get any farther than this when he'd given into the impulse, and he probably should have thought it through a little more. Oikawa is his soulmate, but until the other boy's birthday next month, it's impossible to tell if the bond is reciprocated. There have been enough sob stories for him to know caution might be necessary here, that his friendship could be at stake. Those seem like things ordinary people in his situation would be worried about.

The thing is, though, Hajime has never been one for needlessly worrying. He knows Oikawa Tooru, knows his every insecurity and doubt, knows the way he thinks and what he thinks about Hajime, and more importantly, he knows himself. Their friendship will endure even if they're not true soulmates, even if Oikawa doesn't see him the way Hajime has only just started to see Oikawa, and even if they're terrible together romantically. They love each other on a level unlike any other - without a name - and this is not such a mind-blowing revelation in the face of that.

So Hajime smiles, slow and easy, and says without fear or worry, "It's you."

End  
file.